

A SOLDIER'S TARGET.

By Charles D. Lewis.

Five sturdy recruits, every man of them a farmer's son, had been turned over to Company D an hour or two before it left camp to take its place on the picket line in front of the Third division.

"Good thing for you boys," said a good-natured sergeant, as he saw to their equipments. "We're out where you'll see plenty of Johnnies before sundown, and you'll get used to the ping of hot lead. Our last batch of fresh fish lay around camp three months before they heard a shot fired."

The recruits smiled, and were pleased as they fell in and marched away with the veterans. They had come down to write home that they had been under fire on the first day of their arrival. Perhaps they would have a chance at "game" before the day was over.

Company D halted and erected its tents at the reserve picket, half a mile in the rear of "the front," and presently the details were made up to relieve the old pickets. There were two men to each post, and the new men were distributed with the old as far as their number went. Jason White, 24 years old—just two weeks away from the plow on his father's farm—found himself on post with a sun-tanned veteran who was serving out the last of his second year.

"My name's Jim Taylor," said the veteran, as he leaned on his musket and gave his companion a looking over. "You size up pretty well, but one can't allus tell. Last man I broke in turned out to be a well-oiled fighter, and if he hadn't tried to stop a solid shot he'd hev bin a sergeant by this time. What made ye enlist?"

"I thought it was my duty," replied White.

"Oh, I see! You jest waited two years and then you come down here and lick the stuffin' out of Lee's army? It was awful good of you to think that way! If you'll only pitch in and finish things up this week we'll all feel much obliged to you!"

Jason White looked at the old veteran in a puzzled way, and was inclined to resent his sarcasm, but while he was thinking it over the other continued.

"It's my opinion that you made a cussed fool of yourself by enlisting, and that you don't know any more from a cabbage head. However, as you are here it's for me to show ye the ropes. Did ye ever sass anybody?"

"I expect I have," stammered the recruit.

"Well, that's good as far as it goes. If you've talked right up to folks at home and let 'em understand that you was able to take keer of yourself, that's a sign of grit. Ever hev a fight?"

"Yes, two or three of 'em."

"Lick the other feller?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's better—that kind o' satisfies me that you've got grit. When ye enlisted it never occurred to ye that ye might git one o' these things bored through yer body, did it?"

And the veteran took a musket ball from his cartridge box, and reached over and tapped the recruit on the breast with it. The "fresh fish" moved back and turned pale, and with a grim smile the other continued:

"Makes a hole in a man's body almost as big as yer fist, and he don't git up and play leap-frog afterwards, either. Did ye ever shoot a dog at home?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I shot a dog once, and I've thought of it a good many times since been down here. He was lookin' at me, pitiful like, when I pulled the trigger—and he bin jest that way in the case of two or three men. I've pulled the trigger on 'em when I could look right into their eyes, and they was seemin' to ask me to spare 'em. I thought if you had killed a dog it would come easier to kill a man, but mebbe you'll be able to do it anyway."

"What do you mean by killin' a man?" slowly asked the recruit, as he leaned heavily against the beech tree at his back.

"Say, but that's funny!" laughed the veteran. "Killin' a man? Why, what the devil did you come down here for? Did ye expect to swing a hammock under a tree and smoke all day?"

"I—I came down to fight."

"Oh! ye did! Well, that means killin' somebody, I guess. Leastwise, you'll find the Johnnies are killin' lots of us, and you've got to kill in return. If we wasn't out on the picket-line you'd hev waited and killed yer first man in a battle, but as it is ye'll git in yer work weeks ahead. We shall be out here for a week, and during that time ye orter pop over me once or twice. Kill all depend on yer nerve, though. What's happened to make ye look so devilish white around the gills?"

"Nuthin'" was the brief reply, as the recruit set his jaws together and made a great effort to brace up.

"Nuthin', eh? Didn't know but ye wished ye was back home hoesin' corn about this time. Now, I'll explain things to you a bit clearer. There's a rebel picket about opposite to us, and not over a musket shot away. There are two men, same as us, and it's our business to kill them and their business to kill us. Jest so long as we stay hid here they can't see us, but its our duty to crawl down and git a shot. They may be crawlin' up on us at this very minute. Ye see, the idea is to kill. One man don't count fur much, but if we kill enough we'll bimbe have a hundred. Poo! What's the matter?"

Jason White had sunk down at the foot of the tree, and was looking around him in apprehension.

"If they has a line on ye they'll shoot ye sittin' down as soon as standin' up," said the veteran. "I've knowed men to be killed even when they was lyin' down. Now, if you're ready, we'll jest work down on the left flank and see if we can't catch them Johnnies napping."

"Do you mean that you are going to creep around and shoot a man in cold blood?" demanded the recruit, as he rose up with his knees trembling.

"What the hell allis you?" growled Taylor, as a scowl darkened his face.

"Cold blood! Who talks about cold blood down here at the front? We're down here to kill or be killed, ain't we? I ain't goin' to let no feller kill me if I can plunk him just. If we don't go arter them they'll come arter us, and so when ye goin' to do about a kinder sized ye up at fust as hev'n's some grit, but I guess I was wrong. I guess you'd better stayed at home and played with a doll-baby!"

"You're a liar!" shouted Jason White.

"Oh! Eh! Ha! ha! Got yer mad up at last, eh? Well, keep it a-bilin' and come along with me. Down on yer hands and knees, and ye want to be as sly as a fox."

In his momentary anger the recruit had determined to submit to any test required of him; but as he stepped into the bushes at the heels of the veteran fear crept back into his heart, and he was almost on the point of rising and running away. When they had gone about 300 feet, making their way as carefully as Indians on a hot trail, Taylor paused and whispered:

"You wait here and lemme go on alone and locate 'em. Jest keep callin' me a liar and git as mad as ye can."

He was gone ten minutes. During that interval Jason White had to hang on to the bushes to prevent himself from running away. When the veteran returned there was a smile on his face and he reached out and patted the recruit on the back and said:

"Luck is with ye, my boy. The two Johnnies are sittin' down and smokin' and playin' cards, and we can creep up within fifty feet of 'em. You can't nites hittin' a man in the back at that distance."

"I shoot a man in the back!" gasped White.

"Fur sure! What in the devil's name are ye kickin' about? Why, I orter charge ye a ten-dollar bill fur huntin' up yer game! Jest think of it—ye'll write home tonight that ye've killed yer first Johnny. Come along, and don't be a blamed fool!"

The recruit followed him through the bushes and over the dead logs and limbs until he made a halt beside a dead tree. A few rods to the north of the Confederate pickets were seated on the ground, with pipes in their mouths and cards in their hands. There had been no firing on the front that day and they had been lulled into a feeling of security.

"Rest your gun across the log there and take dead aim at his back," whispered the veteran, as he pulled the "fresh fish" forward.

"No—never!" gasped Jason White as he hung back.

"What! D'ye mean that ye won't plunk a Johnny Reb arter all the trouble I've had to set up a mark fur ye?"

"I—I can't do it!"

"Durn ye fur a booby and a coward! You ain't got sand 'nuff to fight a fly. Say, young feller, lemme tell ye sunthin'. When I go back to the company and report what a white-livered, chicken-hearted rag baby ye ar', what are the boys goin' to say or do? They ain't a man as will even look at ye agin, and the captain will ask that ye be drummed out as a disgrace to the service. That's what you'll git, and nobody will pity ye."

"I think I'll shoot him!" whispered the recruit after a struggle with himself. "Will anybody call it murder if I do?"

"Murder—bosh! Can't ye understand that Uncle Sam is payin' yer \$16 a month to kill Johnnies, and that he don't give a cuss whether ye do it with a club or a musket? I'll git along down beside ye and take the further man at the same time. They won't neither of 'em ever know what hit 'em arter we pull the trigger. Lord, what a fair mark you've got to shoot at! I could plump a bullet into him with my eyes shut. Set down and kill yer fust man."

Jason white slowly knelt down and stretched out at full length, and thrust the barrel of his musket over the log. He breathed hard, his eyes were shut, and the muzzle pointed over the tree tops.

"Durn you!" growled the veteran, as he gave him a kick. "have ye turned into a baby or an old woman? What's the matter now? Are you goin' to wait until they git the alarm and take shelter. Jest draw a bead on the middle of that Johnny's back."

"I—I can't do it!" murmured the recruit, as he let go of his musket and stared at the veteran with a face as white as snow. "I enlisted to wait and die, but I can't shoot a man in cold blood. And I—I don't want you to, either. When it comes to a battle I'll shoot—but not now—not now."

"Uncle Sam got a perch when you signed the rolls, he did!" sneered Taylor as he looked down upon the other in supreme contempt. "How we would it thousand fish worms like you in the Fourth brigade! Goin' to shoot or not?"

The recruit raised his hands to his face and began to wave his body to nical one and of great value to his hearers, by expressing his regret at being unable to address the young people in English. He spoke for a while about artists of an earlier period, notably Velasquez, and their influence on art. He referred to the students to technicalness in their work. Order meant much in painting and so did simplicity, which he especially impressed upon the students.

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Rumors of a monster stove trust, capitalized at \$10,000,000, have leaked out, but as the time is not yet ripe for official announcement, the report is being vigorously denied by the corporation said to be in the combine.

From Cincinnati comes the report that a deal is being worked for the consolidation of all the spirits manufacturing plants independent of the American Spirits Manufacturing company. The plan is to consolidate the new combination with the American company. J. B. Greenhut is said to be working the scheme and the price he gets for its successful negotiation will be restoring him to the head of the trust.

Indications point to a speedy consummation of the plans for a hard rubber trust. The new combination will be known as the American Hard Rubber company and will be capitalized at \$2,000,000. Fritz Achelis, president of the India Rubber Comb company, one of the largest concerns in the proposed combine, offers the same stereotyped cause for the trust that all other well-intentioned capitalists do, i. e.: "to place the business on a more healthy basis."

Another trust is being planned by the Rockefeller family, to be a block monopoly. Options have been secured by the Standard Oil company on fourteen of the seventeen big brick properties in New York state. Six million dollars is reported to be behind the scheme.

A movement is on foot toward trusting the thread industry. Jersey City will be the headquarters of the corporation to be known as the American Thread company. The trust will be capitalized at \$12,000,000.

The formation of a carpet trust with a capital stock of \$10,000,000 is envisaged. The attention of all the big ingrain carpet manufacturers of the New England and Middle Atlantic states.

The International Paper company of Corinth, N. Y., a combination of all the big firms in the country, has filed articles of incorporation, with a capital of \$40,000,000. Paper is going up, of course, and if the trust holds together the era of low-priced newspapers will soon terminate. There has been an advance of 50 cents a hundred and that is only a starter. This is a peculiar phase of McKinley prosperity for republican printers.

The Bessemer blast furnace operators of Cleveland, Pittsburg and the Shennango and Mahoning valleys are making a well-directed move toward entering into a combination.

Rumors are still afloat regarding the trust which the Carnegie company is alleged to be promoting with a view to controlling the entire pig iron trade of the country.

The National Safety Match company has succeeded at last to the Diamond Match company of Detroit, and its property will soon be turned over to the trust.

Thirty-one manufacturers of mattresses have been getting together to "regulate prices" and reduce "harsh competition." The edge tool manufacturers are likewise considering a combine.

A New York capitalist organ is authority for the report that a huge cigar trust is soon to be formed. The Morgan syndicate people are behind the movement.

Corolus Durau Talks on Art.

It was the privilege recently of the pupils of the Chase School of Art to listen to a talk on art, a purely technical one, and of great value to his hearers, by expressing his regret at being unable to address the young people in English. He spoke for a while about artists of an earlier period, notably Velasquez, and their influence on art. He referred to the students to technicalness in their work. Order meant much in painting and so did simplicity, which he especially impressed upon the students.

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is the

BEST SARSAPARILLA.

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The Best Preparation for the Blood

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"During fifteen years of experience with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I have yet to learn of a single case wherein it failed to cure if used according to directions."
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JAMES DOANE, Dispensing Chemist, Kingsville, Ont.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

"Now, Harry," asked the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is the meal we eat in the morning called?" "Oat-meal," was the little fellow's prompt response.

The late Sir James Stansfield, when a boy, once made a short prayer, in which he said: "Make us all gooder; a gooder until we can't be no gooder."

Mamie asked for some horseradish on her meat, and when it had been given her she looked at it a moment and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, there's a hair in it, it's the horse."

Tommy aged, 5, was teasing his mother for something to eat, but told that he must wait until dinner was served. He was silent a few minutes and then said: "I jest honestly believe, mamma, that you are my stepmother."

An invitation to join a box party was given a little Chicago miss of 5 by a near neighbor. In her delight she ran home to announce that Bessie's mamma had invited her to go to the theater that afternoon in a box.

Eddie's mother was seated on a bench in the park one day and the little fellow, who was playing near by, found a horseshoe. Picking it up, he carried it to his mother, exclaiming: "Oh, mamma! look at the horse's track I have found."

"Papa, buy me a pretty doll, won't you?" asked a little girl, who was not open today. A few moments later papa takes his child on his knees: "Come, Lily, give me a kiss?" "Too late, papa, my lips aren't open today; by and by!"

Tommy, the 5-year-old son of a candidate for a local office, was told that his father had got the nomination, and, running into the house, he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! Mr. Jones says papa's got the nomination. Is that worse than the measles?"

Mrs. Walter Damrosch is a devoted mother, and her three little daughters are the delight and pride of both the brothers' families. At a recent session of the Musical Art society, Mr. Frank Damrosch suddenly laid down his baton and cried, "Oh, I must tell you the latest story about Walter's children! The youngest little girl was about finishing her prayers the other night, when she abruptly asked her mother to 'please leave the room,' as there was something for which she wished to give extra and special thanks. Her mother wanted to know what it was, but the child let it be understood that it was of too personal and private a nature for even mothers to know about. Her mother accordingly withdrew; but the next night, when the same request was made, she insisted upon knowing just what it meant. 'Well,' said the little girl, after much persuasion, 'I just wanted to give thanks for bein' allowed to steal some sugar the other day!'"

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The popping sound of bursting bottles led to the discovery of a fire that had started under the shelves of a closed drug store in Amite City, La.

After a record free of marks for absence or tardiness for nearly five years a schoolgirl of Piedmont, W. Va., fell a victim to mumps and had to stay at home.

A well on Sanibel Island, Florida, which had always been fresh water, changed to sulphur water a few weeks after a windmill had been built over it to utilize the water for irrigating purposes.

While two friends were wrestling at Shelbyville, Ind., one of them was burned on the chin by a cigar which the other was smoking. Blood poisoning set in, and it is said that there is no hope for the burned man's recovery.

At Evansville, Ind., a 15-year-old negro girl, who had been in court fifty times since she was 8 years old, when arraigned again on a charge of theft, was released on her mother's promise to give her forty lashes in open court on a succeeding day, which was set for the spectacle.

They tell a story in Lisbon, Me., of a man who in his prosperity builded him a 125-foot hen house, and, when adversity overtook him, hid himself thither with his wife, and, after making some alterations, lived there in modesty but in comfort.

Mrs. Thomas G. Copp of Eldora, Ia., has in her possession yarn that was spun from the wool of the original "Mary's little lamb." Miss Mary Sawyer, the little girl whose lamb gave the inspiration for the famous verses with which every one is familiar, was born in Sterling, Mass., in 1896. Three verses of the poem were written by John Naulson, to which two more verses were added by a Mrs. Townsend. From the wool of this sheep Miss Sawyer she consented to unravel the stockings, and Mrs. Copp, who was present and an old acquaintance of the family, secured the yard. Miss Sawyer died in 1890.

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Only Train, Omaha to Denver, having Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars.

For tickets and full information call on or address E. L. Lomax, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

Sir Henry Bessemer, metallurgist, the inventor of Bessemer steel, lies dead in London. He was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1815, and discovered the process of making Bessemer steel in 1855.

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This company is offered by Judge William Seydlitz of North Platte, Neb., president; J. H. McCall, vice president, Lexington, Neb. From now on, until after the exposition, the company will have a first-class corps of solicitors on the exposition grounds. Correspondence solicited.

DAN ALTHEM, Secretary and Treasurer.

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Go into any book store in Chicago and you will pay 25 cents for the identical map of Alaska and the Klondike which is contained in our Klondike folder.

The folder contains more than a good map. In it you will find a vast amount of valuable information—information that is practical; that will save you money; that will help to make easier what is at best, a long and trying journey. Sent for four cents in stamps.

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